

## **Claimed by the Gang**

*Written by Arian Mabe (Amethyst Mare)*

A trio of bikes shot through the fountain in the square, scattering shimmering droplets from their spinning wheels. Although a passerby shouted, hauling her pram out of the way in the nick of time, they paid their fellow New Yorkers no mind as they raced by, whipping down the slopes to the old parkland at ever increasing speeds. The young man at the front of the ragtag group stood up tall on the pedals and whopped, using the force of his body to bounce the whole BMX bike up from the sidewalk, pivoting and balancing on the back wheel with such ease that a casual bystander may have thought themselves capable of the same.

The skill, however, was enough to make a young man's head swell with pride that should have been put aside. Josh pushed his long blonde hair back from his ears, letting it tickle the back of his neck with his beanie hat shimmying its way slowly up his skull, threatening to fly off. If his mother could have seen him, she would have dragged him straight to the barbers to have it cropped right back to his skull. But he'd moved out long ago and hadn't even knocked on her door in months. He didn't even wonder how she was doing.

His friends, Ron and Brad, were in similar states of disarray, their branded clothes torn at the cuffs with holes over the knees. Wearing knee pads, of course, would have taken away from their reputation as the biggest and 'baddest' BMX stud bikers in New York – or so they liked to call themselves – so they'd have to deal with the scuffs and bruises the best they could. Brad's chain knocked into his collarbone as he rode, zig-zagging back and forth with a grin that could not be wiped from his face.

Out there, they were *powerful*.

"Where we headed?" Ron yelled, baseball hat turned backwards on his head as he pedalled to keep pace with Josh.

The blonde-haired man shook his head and grinned, answering instead by pointing his bike down the street in the direction of parkland they rarely visited. It was good to get off the beaten track from time to time and, besides, he had no concerns for their safety. The wind pulled his hair back from his face, moisture watering in the corners of his eyes from sheer speed along. The wheels whizzed along the sidewalk, an intoxicating, alluring tick. Of course they'd be fine – any trouble and they'd be off in no time, no chance for anyone to even try anything on with them.

He never felt as invincible as he did on the bike.

Oh, sure, they'd all heard the stories about the rundown skate park, how it had been taken over and claimed by unsightly characters. It was why their crowd, in their younger years, had been slowly pushed out of their usual stomping ground, forced to ride the streets and evade the cops the best they could. They weren't supposed to be riding their bikes as they did around the public, much less in the renowned parks and grassland of the city. It was a bind. But one he would rectify. Immediately.

He sped up, head ducked down against the chill wind cutting through his jacket. Stupid gangs. Just who did they think they were anyway? It was his turf and he would damn well get back on it! It was *his*. No one else's!

Josh rolled his eyes, the grey roll and swathe of the ramps rising into view, a bowl cut into the ground as if a giant hand had scooped it out of the terrain just for their enjoyment. Chunks had been knocked out of the concrete from so many boards and scuffles and graffiti coated every available surface, but his heart still leapt into his throat at the sight of it: the same yet different. It was better. He grinned widely.

Now *those* were some deadly ramps!

"You boys get off my turf!"

He wheeled to a halt, kicking out a scruffy trainer to halt his forward progress. Josh frowned as Ron and Brad skidded up beside him. One swore under their breath, but he couldn't tell which. His heart pounded against his eardrums, louder and louder, a rich roar that bellowed down to his soul.

There they were. The ones that had taken his park away from him, all those years ago. His blood boiled, skin searing as if flames were licking it from the inside out. Just like they had been, they sprawled across the box at the top of one of the ramps, which should have been for boarders to grind down the length of. Now it severed as their throne. Dark skin gleamed in the blaring sunlight, the sinuous twist of black tattoos curling down the arms of every individual in the gang. There could be no mistaking their leader, although Josh thought he'd lost some of his muscle, his bravado, since the last time he'd seen him.

Deon straightened, pushing his sunglasses down to peer at the invaders to his patch – or at least one of his many haunts these days. And Josh trembled, though not from fear. Anger curdled like sour milk in the pit of his stomach and he yanked his beanie hat off his head, hurling it on the floor as if to make a point that only he could understand.

What the *hell* did they think they were doing? What right did they have to his patch? Josh growled, the handlebars of his bike shaking as his knuckles turned white, gripping tighter and tighter.

"Uh...Josh?" Ron gulped, fingers brushing his friend's shoulder, brown eyes concerned. "What's going on? Why are we here?"

Josh growled under his breath and leaned forward, hunched over the handlebars as if he was about to spring out from them.

"Taking back what's ours!"

Tearing across the skate park, Josh bared his teeth as he aimed his bike directly at the group. Nothing else mattered as he rocketed towards them with a yowl that could not have possibly come from his lips. His vision narrowed, pinning his life in on the gang that had kicked him out from the one place he had had in his life. He set his jaw, chest tight. Had they not known

what they'd taken from him? He deserved it more than them – he always had! And their kind... He would have spat on the floor if he had not been going at full pelt. What right did they fucking think they had to anything? Josh's mouth twisted, closer and closer by the second. They didn't deserve anything he could have had instead! He was better than them and it was about fucking time they knew it!

It was a pity he was destined to crash and burn with such flawed, outdated motives in hand.

He flew off the top of the ramp and twisted his bike in midair, whooping as the light caught his wheels, spinning and spinning until he dropped back to the ramp, safely whizzing away with speed on his heels.

"Get out of here!" He yelled, voice caught and carried by the wind. "You don't belong here – none of you do! This is my park! It always fucking was!"

He smirked, thinking his words had had the desired effect as Deon stood, brushing off his pants with a casually practiced stroke of both palms at once. But the leader wasn't about to step down for nothing more than a measly kid with a bike. And especially not when he had as much right to be there as anyone else.

"What you doing here, boy?" Deon snarled, white teeth gleaming in the stark sunlight. "You know you can't be here. We made sure of that way back then! You ain't welcome here with that kinda mind."

He shook his head, eyes following the trio over the top of his sunglasses as the emboldened Ron and Brad followed their friend's lead, cutting lines across the park as if it was, truly, their own once more.

"I'm gonna be merciful and give you one chance – one – to get your ass out o' here and never come back," the black man said, arms folded across his broad, massive chest, rounded out with muscle. "But that's all you're getting from me, else there'll be hell to pay."

Josh screeched a laugh, skidding to a stop as Ron and Brad cast each other a look that could not be deciphered. Slowly, they followed his lead, keeping a step back from the front wheel of his BMX.

"What? You think a scrappy few words is gonna get us to fuck off?" Josh threw his head back and laughed, adrenaline rocking his head giddily. "You even sound like dogs! Can't you even fucking talk proper American?"

Cupping his hands to his mouth, Josh barked and yipped, whining as if he was a dog himself in his failed attempt to mimic what he thought his enemy sounded like. After a moment, Ron and Brad followed suit, letting their lips flap and pull up, whimpering and pawing at the air like beasts. Josh howled with laughter, slapping his thigh as the gang rumbled, standing and approaching. One cracked his knuckles menacingly even as Josh blatantly ignored him, tipping sideways on his bike as laughter wracked his body.

"Bark, bitches, bark!"

If he'd expected the gang to bark like canines, he was sorely mistaken as the next thing the man knew was two pairs of heavy hands grasping his shoulders and yanking him from his bike. It toppled sadly to the ramps as if it knew it would be forgotten, for it was no longer something that Josh would require. He wouldn't require very much except what Deon allowed him, if anything.

"I gave you one chance, but you asses went and fucked all that up now, didn't you?"

Deon stood over them, shaking his head slowly. Brad and Ron, having fled a few steps, shouted and swore like prisoners as they were hauled up before the black man, arms wrenched behind their backs. Josh growled and twisted, kicking out as he was restrained. Heart pounding, he threw himself bodily from side to side, clawing and biting at his assailants to no avail. Deon was not a man to be reckoned with by any stretch of the imagination.

"Get these bitches down on their goddamn knees!" He snarled, white teeth flashing. "They gon' say we dogs? We be the ones to treat *them* like dogs!"

Dragging the men up the ramp, the gang whooped and hollered like it was the greatest sport ever. They took no care to not shove their captives as they threw them on the burned expanse of grass, scorched under summer heat and too many illegal fires set out in the open. There wasn't much that could keep the gang in line on what they'd claimed as their territory, much less the threat of the law. But, for them, it was safe on their turf. And that was what mattered most to them.

The boys squealed like pigs as they were manhandled, wincing and squirming from grabbing hands that kept them in place as if they were livestock threatening to flee at the slightest provocation. And, truth be told, they would have run at any chance provided, if there had been any at all to speak of.

Deon shook his head slowly, eyes narrowed in at the corners. There was only so much a man could allow, after all, before action had to be taken. He was there to protect those who had no one else to protect them. His frown deepened. Whatever others thought of them. Others like those *boys* hurling childish insults.

"You'll let us the fuck go now, *arsehole*," Josh snarled as his head was forced back, fingers twisted viciously into his hair. "Or else!"

"Or else what? What you think you're gonna do to us, hey?"

The black man drew himself up tall, although his stature needed no assistance to be intimidating.

"I don' give second chances, *bitch*. Best be time you learn that. And make sure he watches," Deon snapped, jabbing a finger at Josh. "I don' want him thinking he be going to get away with this either."

He smiled and produced two studded leather collars, spikes jostling for space, as Josh flinched and wrestled with the men pinning his arms to his sides.

“You can’t fucking keep us here!” He yelled, his words falling on deaf ears as Deon advanced on his friends, forced to their knees and heads bowed low to the ground. “What do you think a pair of collars are going to do, huh? Whatever you’re thinking – it won’t fucking work on us!”

“Shut your mouth!”

He toppled forward, the brown expanse of burned grass spinning before his eyes as a hand connected with the back of his head. Deon strode up to Brad and Ron, towering over the two males as they angled their eyes away, arms trembling as they tried to keep their chests up from the grass. The gang rumbled with mockery and dark humour, a roll of unwelcome discourse that swelled like the wind as a storm approached, black clouds roiling as if alive.

“Now you’ll be the dogs you think we are.”

He grinned toothily, buckling the first collar around Ron’s neck, snug across his throat. His eyes gleamed wide, terrified, as he ducked his head down to the grass, shoulders shaking so terribly that he could have been sobbing.

Josh convulsed and growled under his breath, striving and failing to wrench himself free. As much as he panted and twisted, digging his heels into the grass, there was nothing he could do to escape, the men holding him barely seeming to exert any energy at all to keep him in place. He heard one laugh and he ground his teeth together, lifting his chin defiantly higher. Did they think that was going to cow him? A couple of collars wouldn’t make them dogs!

And then Ron howled.

It was quick – too quick for Josh’s mind to catch up with what was happening before his eyes. His brain swam, fog clouding his senses, as his friend hunched forward on the ground, back arching and arching, pushing up at an angle that could not be human. He gaped, jaw hanging loose as he hung limply in the thug’s grasp, fingers biting deep into what little muscle he boasted on his arms. Ron’s clothes tore, hanging uselessly from his shoulders and hips as he shrieked, voice ripping into something more feral – more animalistic – than Josh could have ever imagined.

His jaw pushed out and out as the creature that had been Josh’s friend yowled, slobbering and yelping piteously as his legs pulled in powerfully to his body. More muscle than he could have ever bragged as a human bulged out through his skin as a prickling coat of short, grey hair covered his body from head to toe. He flopped into the dirt and growled, yelps and yips far more canine than anything they could have produced in mocking the gang bursting from his lips.

Staggering to his feet, Ron panted. But he wasn’t Ron anymore as he turned an adoring gaze on Deon, who patted his head firmly yet kindly.

Josh stared, mouth a dark gape of horror, sweat trickling down his brow.

A *dog*. That was a dog. Not just any dog either – a Pit Bull. Josh’s head reeled and he retched dryly, spitting up bile onto the grass. His friend was a dog. A fucking *dog*! What drugs had they been given? It couldn’t be real, it couldn’t be fucking real!

Deon laughed and stroked his beard, throwing his fist out. He knew he’d won in the name of what was right. But now was their time for fun. Now was the time for teaching the ‘boys’ what real men could do in their world, what truths they boasted.

Brad cowered into the dirt, whimpering and covering his head with his arms: Deon’s next victim.

“Get you down!”

Deon shoved Brad’s head down to the ground and, seeming to take great pleasure in being the one to show the young man his new place, yanked down his jeans to tangle about his knees. His boxers came down with the coarser fabric and he yelped, begging and sobbing for mercy that would no longer be given. The dog barked and jumped, leaping around Brad as his canine shaft slipped from its sheath, swelling and bobbing beneath his stomach. Deon snapped his fingers, words lashing out.

“Brutus! Heel!”

The newly dubbed Brutus sat at Deon’s side, panting as he obediently took his rightful place. Deon mumbled under his breath, taking a tub from one of his subordinates of something yellow that sloshed around noisily within the clear plastic. Brad froze in place, too terrified to even consider fleeing. Somehow even he knew that that option as long gone from what he had left to him.

“Please!” Brad sobbed into the ground, flinching as something cold and viscous was poured over his raised backside, making his skin tingle. “I’ll do anything you want!”

Deon laughed.

“Bitch, you already *are*.”

He whistled piercingly, putting a finger and thumb to his lips.

“Brutus!”

The dog knew what to do even if Brad could not have known, could never have known, what was coming. He jumped to his feet and barked as he lunged for the man, tongue lolling from his muzzle. Deon bellowed a laugh, hands thrown up, as the dog did what instinct bid him to do, leaping on top of his old friend with a ragged doggy grin stretching his lips wide. His cock slapped against the back of Brad’s thigh and the young man sucked in a breath as the dog barked and hooked his paws around his legs.

There was not an ounce of the man he’d once been left in there.

“Get the hell off me!”

Brad found his voice as the dog humped his backside, cock jabbing and prodding as it sought a bitch's entrance. But this bitch was harder to fuck than most and, well, adjustments had to be made. The liquid did its job of ramping up the stud-dog's desire to breed, to fuck, to mount and he whined eagerly as he pushed himself further over Brad's back, cock leaving a splatter of drooling pre-cum in its wake. Brad twisted and bucked, head shoved into the dirt by a hand that could have enclosed his entire head, but it was already too late for him.

He should have been glad for the liquid that not only wound up Brutus, making him ready to fuck, but also eased his passage as his tapered cock spread his ring wide. Brad ground his teeth together and heaved a wracking, dry sob into the dirt, grit and stones working their way under his tongue. But the horny canine didn't care about any of that as he humped and growled happily, slamming his full length into his human bitch with wild, canine abandon.

Brad screamed, face crushed into the dirt, and heaved a sob. How could Ron fuck him? They were friends! And sure as hell not that kind of friend either! But it wasn't Ron on top of him, not anymore. All the dog knew was pleasure and the good that came from obedience to his master. And he knew in his heart what came to good dogs that did just what their master told them. Brutus' stubby little tail wagged nineteen to the dozen. Good dogs got pets! And he was good for his master.

Laughing in Brad's face, Deon spread his arms wide, a smug grin stretching his lips wide as he leaned down, still towering over the young man's level. Brad turned his dirt-streaked face up to him, lips parted in a wordless plea as the dog hammered his raised arse, claws scratching the tops of his thighs. Each thrust the dog made seemed to stretch him out more and more, the knot at the base of his cock threatening to swell already. But Brad's shaft was soft and bouncing against his crotch, rocked with the motion of his body yet unable to glean even a scrap of arousal from the bestial act.

Deon winked over the top of his sunglasses, thrusting them back up his nose with a deliberate shove.

"Now for *you*."

The second collar still hung loosely from Deon's hand, but not for long. As Brutus thrust madly, drool splattering over the back of Brad's neck, Deon buckled the final collar around the man's neck, allowing him to become what he truly was. Brad sucked in his last breath as a human, eyes bulging out of his skull.

The change began instantly, but there were no pained yowls as bones repositioned themselves, transforming the man into a canine just like his friend. But not quite so. He panted heavily, chest heaving as he buckled down, down, down to the ground, a blunt, half-squashed in muzzle struggling to take in new breath. A brown coat of fur burst across his skin as his clothes gave up, shreds falling to the grass, and he howled, crotch tingling vindictively. He swung his head back and forth, as foggy as an owl caught out in daylight, canine instincts battling to take over while his human mind clung on and screamed.

Brutus secured himself fully in Brad's arse as he slobbered happily, knot inflating inside the new canine's rectum to tie them together as surely as if Brad was a bitch. Brad convulsed, scrabbling at the dirt as his cock and balls pulled back into his body, sucked in as if forced up by a great hand. The new bitch whined as her new spade-shaped sex tucked down under her

tail hole, the pressure of Brutus' knot searing through the barrier that separated them. Whimpering, she bowed her shaking forelegs down to the ground as Brutus yelped and ejaculated in her passage, humping wildly in short, sharp thrusts. She growled, but otherwise bore the onslaught, tail hole twitching and clenching around his slickening shaft, his own cum easing its presence. She shook her head and whuffed softly, eyes bright. Both Pit Bull Terriers, there was no longer anything to separate them and now she had a new master to please too.

"Good girl, Athena."

Deon patted her back and she butted her head into his shin, tail twitching as Brutus slid off her back to stand tail to tail with her, still locked into her rectum. He barked as his cock shot the last few sticky streams of cum, filling Athena as if she was ripe for breeding. He didn't seem to care that he hadn't pounded the right hole in the new bitch after all. Josh quailed from the sight as Deon finally turned his gaze to where they had forced him to kneel and watch ever agonising, humiliating second. He didn't want to think of what his fate would be. Bitch or stud dog? He shuddered. What would be worse? Would he even care? Would he be alive in himself to know what he was?

There was no way to tell.

"And for you..." Deon cocked his head, extending his arm out to Josh. "We have something very special. Don't we, boys?"

The gang murmured their assent, eyes fixed on the spectacle before them, although Josh warranted that it was not the first time they'd seen Deon claim a new mutt and a bitch. He'd heard about the dog fighting rings too and could only imagine that his friends were due to meet an untimely end if Deon ever grew bored of them. Gulping, he shook his head, blinking away the tears that threatened to spill over, staining muddy rivulets down his cheeks. He gnawed the inside of his cheek, casting his eyes over the group that now as good as owned him, seeking a friendly face in a mass of loathing. He hung his head. He'd done much for them to loathe him. Just what had he been thinking when he'd tried to take back the scabby skate park for himself?

Athena turned her head to lick herself clean, tongue playing across where their bodies joined. Josh swallowed and tried not to look as Deon yanked down his ripped jeans, eyes fixed on the young man. But he would not be a man for any longer. Not while he had his way with him.

His ebony shaft sprung into the air and Josh gaped, jaw falling slack. That wasn't a cock – that was a freaking monster of a length! Glistening with pre-cum with a hefty girth to go with it, Deon's shaft bobbed in the air as he approached, smirking and wrapping a hand around the base. There could only be one thing he was after.

"Soon ya will learn why they say when you go black you never go back!"

He grabbed Josh's head, forcing him closer as the young man burst into life, eyes wide and limbs flying as he struggled and fought with sudden, renewed vigour. Deon's cock loomed in front of his face as he hissed through his teeth and thrust himself back and away from the black man.



“I’m not a fucking fag!”

Josh ripped his head away, snapping futilely at Deon’s fingers as the Pit Bulls growled, still joined together. Deon quieted them with a snap of his fingers, lunging for Josh with a feral snarl.

“Funny thing is, boy, you don’t have a choice.”

Deon wound his fingers around the back of his head and, this time, Josh had no hope of pulling away. The larger, more powerful man wedged his fingers into the corner of his mouth, forcing his lips apart for his huge cock. Josh threw himself bodily from side to side to no avail, screwing up his face in disgust as the thick shaft filled his mouth. He shuddered, repulsed, and tried to yank his head back, but only found himself being pushed down further and further until the head of Deon’s shaft pushed into the back of his throat.

Gagging, Josh twisted with his eyes watering as Deon, mercifully, pulled back – only to thrust in again, holding Josh’s head steady. He choked and fought for breath, nostrils filled with the heady scent of male musk and cum, Deon overpowering him with humiliating ease.

“Oh, fuck yeah...” He groaned, rolling his hips to pound Josh’s mouth like it was a bitch’s hole. “This is what I’m talking about...”

He threw a look to the gang members, sparing them a grin as he showed them just how Josh’s cheeks bulged out from trying to hold his member where it would not gag him. They chuckled and jostled one another, although they knew they would never match up to his size. That was why he was where he was – in charge.

Josh cast his mind away, trying to think of anything that could possibly distract him from the length throbbing over his tongue. His mind reeled, indignant at the embarrassment. What did Deon think him? He wasn’t gay! But the gang leader didn’t care much for what Josh did or didn’t like, intent on taking his fill of pleasure from his mouth. He thrust with reckless abandon, smashing into the back of Josh’s throat so that he hacked and coughed, chest heaving for breath that could not be gained.

With the hollers of his gang around him, however, Deon was blessedly swift to reach sweet release. His fingernails bit into the back of Josh’s head as he moaned long and low, seed pouring straight to the back of Josh’s mouth. Fingers curling into the dirt, Josh closed his eyes and bore it, letting cum spill out the sides of his mouth to trail whore lines down his jaw. His jaw ached fiercely and he whimpered around the man’s shaft, on the brink of breaking. But he couldn’t stop it from trickling down his throat, drop by drop, as he gulped breaths and swallowed hastily.

And, as cum slid down his throat for the first time, the young man’s life changed forever.

He should have known that they had had another trick up their sleeves. Those who weren’t like him always did. Josh groaned around Deon’s length as his body changed against his will, shirt pushing out and out as his chest grew. His jeans were suddenly tighter – too tight to contain his backside which burst out with the skin darkening, black tattoos criss-crossing his body from head to toe. The rippling marks snaked down his back and he whined as his hair grew out, a glowing blonde curling into ringlets that fell down over his bare shoulders.

Laughing, Deon yanked his shirt free, the fabric giving up at the seams to let his bare breasts bounce in the open air. For Josh was no longer

“Keisha,” Deon said, rolling the name around his mouth as if trying out the sound of her on his lips. “That’s who you are now.” He yanked her head back, her full lips gleaming with his cum. “Just something for my boys here to enjoy. And you will be fucked until you can’t walk.”

He licked his lips, pulling the corner of her mouth higher as if imagining plunging his cock inside again.

“And our whores do what we want when we want. Best get used to that.”

Far from reeling back in disgust at the notion, Keisha threw him a cocky look, flipping her hair back from her neck with a practiced sweep of her hand. Her long fingernails caught the sun, flashing crimson.

“Then you best get this bitch filled!” Keisha shot back confidently, pouting with her lips all plumped up for his attention.

She dropped to all fours and pushed her curvaceous backside up in the air as Deon stepped back, arms crossed and satisfied with his work. He never failed to bring a good whore in for the gang whenever they needed one. His boys had grown bored with the last, after all, and what better way to find another than by putting some men in their place? Well... Deon smirked. They weren’t men any longer, not by a long shot.

As Keisha took the first cock into her tight pussy, she groaned, not a shred of her past life left in her mind as her body surrendered control to the gang. A cock in her mouth, a finger pushing into her arse... The experiences blurred into one for her, although she knew with a shiver of delight that she would have them all over again and again until the gang was good and done with her. She would never be wanting for cock again as long as the gang kept her with them and her life would never be, in any way, shape or form, the same again.

And Keisha didn’t mind that. Keisha didn’t mind that one bit.

The Pit Bulls barked.